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THE EUREKA

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An Apology for Flirtation.

"Ah women are fickle!" you tell me;
Well—yes—if by fickle you mean
A trifle less false than you men are;
And greatly more true than they seem.

"But women are cruel—so cruel!
They flatter and coax for awhile,
Then tread on the hearts that we give them,
And deal us a blow with a smile!"

We are cruel—it may be; but cruel
In a million of charming ways;
So sorry at times to have hurt you,
So kind on the gloomiest days.

But you men! you calculate nicely
How near you may go or how far,
And never one moment you soften,
Nor pity the hopes that you mar.

And when you at last are successful,
And the flower floats down to your feet,
Its colors are no more so perfect,
Its perfume is no more so sweet.

You leave it to lie on the roadside,
First, tramping it down in the dust—
And fancy, that such is your right here,
To break and to outrage our trust,

Believe me, that if you would let us
Be honest and true as we are,
Not striving to conquer us always,
The world would be better by far.

Nellie's New Year's Visit.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Quarrelled with Frank!" exclaimed Mrs. Wentworth. "Quarrelled with Frank!" echoed the husband, in the same breath, and with no less amazement.

Then they both looked at Nellie. Nellie was Mrs. Wentworth's unmarried sister, and she now stood before them, all dusty with travel, having just accounted for her unexpected journey, by saying she had "quarrelled with Frank," the said Frank being her lover, to whom she had been engaged.

"Quarrelled with Frank!" repeated Mrs. Wentworth, holding up her hands. "Oh, Nellie! and I thought him so nice!"

Nellie laughed.

"Don't look so horrified," she cried. "The fault's all mine. You were good enough to ask me to spend the winter with you; but I declined, because, you see, I thought I was in love with Frank. But now that I find that I am not, I have come."

"Not in love with Frank!" exclaimed her sister, holding up both hands. "Oh, Nellie! how can you say so?"

"But I do say it. Or rather, I find I can't marry a parson, and live a humdrum life, in some stuffy little rectory, all my days. So Frank must go. I have come here, on the last day of December, as you see, so as to finish off the old year, and be done with the old life. To-morrow I begin a new year and a new life. I shall come out, as it were, at your reception. I intend to catch a millionaire, and be 'happy forever after,' as the story books say."

"Be happy forever after?" echoed her brother-in-law, dubiously.

"And why not?" replied the gay girl, turning sharply on him. "Doesn't everybody, now-a-days, say that money is the chief good? You've got so much of it yourself you don't understand about others. You can afford to be romantic; but I can't. And as for living all my days in a poky little rectory—"

"Ah, my dear!" interposed her sister, with a deprecating shake of her head.

"There, now, don't be didactic," retorted Nellie, laughing again. "It doesn't become you, darling, and besides, I intend to have my own way. I always did have it, you know."

Nothing more, therefore, was said about Frank, the winter that followed was one of the gayest for years. Not an evening passed that Nellie was not present at some party or other, and the days were filled up with reception calls, sleighing parties, etc. For Mrs. Wentworth's beautiful sister was quite a belle. A dozen fortunes were laid at her feet, before Lent came, bringing with it some slight cessation of the round of gayeties; but they were all rejected. This suitor was to old, that one not sufficiently cultivated, a third was too obviously selfish, a fourth too high tempered. Besides, now that she had tasted of the siren cup of fashionable society, Nellie found, as many a one had found before, that it was, after all, but "dead sea ashes." She turned from it, finally, with loathing.

"I suppose I have exhausted life," she said one day, as she sat in her dressing-room, and curiously regarded herself in the mirror. "I am looking frightfully old and worn—not a bit like the fresh, bright girl that came here last December. The fact is, all the men are fops or fools, seeking rich wives; and we, well, we're no better; all the women are scheming puppets, among which I may class myself, trying to secure rich husbands. I'm disgusted with them," she continued; "with myself most of all. I'd rather go back and marry the parson, and mend stockings in the bay-window of the little green rectory, than marry the best man in society."

"But the parson isn't there now," said Mrs. Wentworth to her one day, when she had repeated something like this in her presence.

"What! has he left Dingley parish?" and she gave a gasp, while the color fled from her cheeks.

"Yes, I heard he had."

"Left Dingley parish! What, for good?"

"So I suppose. Some rich city church has called him. They thought the jewel required finer setting."

"And it did," she said, frankly. "Frank was too great for us, and our little village; I might have seen it. Why hasn't anybody written? Mother knew that I—at least, she might have thought that it would have been of some interest to me."

"Mamma knew you had thrown him over, and took it for granted, I suppose, that you didn't care to hear."

Nellie's reply was a significant shrug of the shoulders.

"I shall never see him again, I suppose," she said, that night, to her sister.

"He'll find you out yet," said Agnes.

"Never! You've no idea how horribly I treated him. Now, I suppose he'll go hunting after a wealthy woman. Well, I don't care."

But she did care. Her tears, in the night watches, attested to it; she cared in her own effusive language, tremendously.

The next day was Sunday. Nellie could hardly be induced to go to church. She had suffered, in learning too late, perhaps, the priceless worth of the heart she had dared to trifle with.

The church was a goodly distance, and Nellie, as she entered, with downcast eyes and a heavy heart, felt desperately in need of its calm and strengthening service. At the first sound of the rector's voice, however, a shiver of delight thrilled to her heart. She dared not, at the moment, lift her eyes, she felt so humbled, but when she did gather the courage, there stood Frank Penrose, and his ringing voice was the sweetest music she had ever heard. And when she caught his eye she bade farewell to hope; for she felt then that she loved him and had loved him all along.

At the close of the service he came to meet them; came quietly, steadily, smilingly; this man whom Nellie had deserted for society and fashion.

If his hand had but trembled a little as he grasped hers masterfully, she might have again indulged in some flippant speech, to prove that he had not conquered her; but the tears were too near for that. He pointed out the varied beauties of the old church.

"I think you would like the parsonage—it is not green," he added with a half suppressed smile.

"Frank!" she said, imploringly.

"And when you are there it will be a bower of roses," he added. "You will come?"

What could she say? Nothing. Her eyes, eloquent with tears, did all the talking.

"Did you know Frank was going to preach this morning?" she asked of Wentworth as they drove home.

"Of course."

"You might, at least, have prepared me."

"Why! To keep you from going? And defer, if not prevent this happy ending? Confess, now, Nellie, you're tired of fashion and society."

She held out her hand.

"I am tired of it, and I forgive you," she said. "Love is better than money, after all. And," she added, enthusiastically, "there's not another man in the world so good as Frank Penrose."

"Except Harry," said Agnes, nestling closer up to her husband.

Brain and Muscle.

There is no more valuable class of men, in any community, so far as results are concerned, than those who work with muscle—the class generally known as "laboring men." Their coadjutors—the men who labor with brain—are, however, equally valuable. Outside of what is called "professional life," they are dependent upon each other. There is an unavoidable partnership between them, and they are each other's best friends. The one directs—the other performs; and both accomplish. The distinction between the two classes is made in reference to the direct means by which each one supports himself, and fills his place in life. Nobody pretends that the "workingman" does not think, any more than that the worker by mind cannot saw wood. or dig in a mine. But the old notion that the lawyer, the clergyman, the doctor, the school teacher, the newspaper man, "*et id omne genus*," do not labor, has been exploded. There is many a spectacled eye and thin white finger, that tells the secret of solid hard work.

The brain, like the muscular organism, develops and wears out with hard work. They are machines that cannot last forever. The sleepless watch in your pocket grows rickety in time; and the forty-ton locomotive breaks down at last. The one is gold and the other is iron; but both must work and rest. And, like any other machine, the part which does the most work, wears out first. The sturdy blacksmith's legs and appetite are good, and his mind still bright, when he can no longer wield his hammer. The student's eyes wear out before his feet or hands.

The little fact of the destruction of parts of our being by hard usage, shows, in the failure of particular mental faculties, that "headwork" is hard work. Brain needs rest. It is a noticeable fact that men famous for some special intellectual power, begin to grow old in that power first. Napoleon's greatness lay in his wonderful stragetic and executive ability. The prison of Elba could not hold him. The bare rocks of St. Helena did. He had begun to wear out. The literary world has never produced a more versatile and active intellect than that of Walter Scott. He used every part of his brain at once, and used it incessantly. When his mind gave way, it broke all over. He died almost an idiot. The most brilliant of American wits and humorists, John G. Saxe, who, until the sixtieth year of his life, was the delight of every jovial company he entered—who was restless in his funniness, has sunk into a settled melancholia. He writes no more. He sits at home, in the very abjectness of the blues, and refuses even the presence of his dearest friends. His intellect is as good as ever—all but the jolly part. That is worn out.

That the brain may work, and work hard, is as plain a truth as is the hardness of the laboring hand. That it needs rest and variety, as much as the stomach does, is proven to us every day.—*Hawkeye.*

A reporter, in describing a railway disaster, says, "This unlooked-for accident came upon the community unawares."

Huxley on Republicanism.

In his recent book on the Philosopher Hume, one of the series of "English Men of Letters," (Harper & Brothers), Professor Huxley gives expression incidentally to some of his own political views. As to the monarchy he says: "At the present day the danger to monarchy in Britain would appear to lie, not in increasing love for equality, for which, except as regards the law, Englishmen have never cared, but rather entertain an aversion; nor in any abstract democratic theories, upon which the mass of Englishmen pour the contempt with which they view theories in general; but in the constantly-increasing tendency of monarchy to become slightly absurd; from the ever-widening discrepancy between modern political ideas and the theory of kingship. As Hume observes, even in his time people had left off making believe that a king was a different species of man from other men; and since his days more and more such make-believes have become impossible, until the maintenance of kingship in coming generations seems likely to depend entirely upon whether it is the general opinion, that a hereditary president of our virtual republic will serve the general interest better than an elective one or not." Speaking of republicanism, Professor Huxley reiterates the great truth so often inculcated by Washington and his compatriots: "The true reason for doubting the permanency of a republic, even if it is ever established, lies in the fact that a republic requires for its maintenance a far higher standard of morality and of intelligence in the members of the State than any other form of government. Samuel gave the Israelites a king because they were not righteous enough to do without one, with a pretty plain warning of what they were to expect from the gift. And, up to this time, the progress of such republics as have been established in the world has not been such as to lead to any confident expectation that their foundation is laid on a sufficiently-secure subsoil of public spirit, morality, and intelligence. On the contrary, they exhibit examples of personal corruption and political profligacy as fine as any hot-bed of despotism has ever produced, while they fail in the primary duty of the administration of justice, as none but an effete despotism has ever failed." Professor Huxley believes that public opinion in England has passed through and left far behind the stage when absolute monarchy could be recovered, and while he sees the "virtual republic," which England now is, steadily tending to become a formal republic, he does not look forward to that as the millennium.—*Home Journal.*

American Students in Germany.

The number of Americans who come to Germany to finish their studies, writes a correspondent at Strassburg, is not only large, but increasing. They study here chiefly medicine, philology, and music. A few hear lectures on law at the universities; but the origin, theory, and practice of German law, as well as the highly abstract and antiquated method of teaching it, are so foreign to our views of jurisprudence that such students generally themselves regard their law studies as a luxury and an accomplishment, rather than a practical gain. Though our students are to be found in nearly every university town, most of them gather at Leipsic and Berlin. Last winter there were more American students at Leipsic than there were natives of all other countries not European together. The figures were: Americans, sixty-seven; total, seventy nine. Austria excepted, no single European nation sent so many students to Leipsic as America. The chief States were represented as follows: Austria, seventy-one; Russia, sixty-one; Switzerland, forty-nine; Great Britain, nineteen; Greece, fourteen; France, four; the United States, sixty-seven. The majority of our countrymen who study in Germany are not wealthy. Most of them come supplied with a sum which they think, with fair economy, will last one, two, or three years. Their calculation is based, almost without exception, upon the theory that the expenses of living in Germany are much less than at home. I venture to say that not one in fifty lives within his theoretical estimate. My own experience is derived from a residence in Leipsic and Strassburg, of nearly two years, with visits to Berlin, Dresden, and other cities of North Germany. It is not a rare thing to meet men who say that, had they known the expense of studying a year or two here to be so great as it is, they would not have come, or would have postponed their coming.—*Home Journal.*

HE LET THEM TALK.—It is one mark of greatness to treat small enemies with contempt. Frederick the Great never cared how much fun or criticism his people made of him. He was fond of saying that "he could *do* what he pleased, and his subjects could *say* what they pleased." How he would have treated the "seditious utterances" which Bismarck is so sternly repressing, two facts may suffice to show:

A Berlin bookseller sent to the palace a copy of the most stinging lampoon ever published against Frederick, and asked for his majesty's instructions.

"Do not advertise it offensively," answered the king. "but sell it by all means; I hope it will pay you well."

On another occasion he found a crowd staring at a scurrilous caricature of himself, which had been pasted so high up on the wall that it was not easy to see it distinctly. The king, pushing his way through the startled throng, said to his attendants,—

"Put it lower down, that they may not have to strain their necks over it."

In an instant the obnoxious placard was torn to shreds, and the crowd dispersed with a shout of "Long live Father Fritz."

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Form in the Trotter.

Form is of more importance than mere action. The car-horse is able to fold the knee, but you cannot train him to get over the ground rapidly or to last through a race of broken heats. He bends the knee but cannot reach and gather quickly, is overtopped with weight, and therefore falls in a struggle which is decided by speed and courage; and the cause of failure is lack of form. One of the best writers on the horse has furnished us with rules for the selection of a thoroughbred. We are advised to choose an animal with a deep and wide back and loin; with a chest to "afford sufficient room for the heart and lungs," but not too wide, for "an open bosom is regarded as a sure sign of want of pace;" "the back ribs should be long, or, as such a formation is generally called, 'deep,' so as not only to give protection to the contents of the belly, but to afford a strong attachment to the muscles which connect the chest to the hips;" the ribs "must be set wide apart, and not huddled up together;" "for fast road work where the failure of the legs is generally the limit to the amount of work, a very heavy carcass is an objection, as it increases the weight upon them; and an overtopped horse—that is, one with a body too big for his legs is a most worthless brute;" a projecting neck, moderately long and proportionately thin, wide jaws, and intelligent head, broad above the eyes, thin nostrils, which should open under exercise and show the red lining membrane; shoulders obliquely placed and broad blade, well clothed with muscles; long thighs approaching almost to the proportions of the greyhound; necks full size and clean, and all the points proportion to one another. The authority from which we have condensed these points is "Stonehenge." The fastest trotter in the world to-day, Edwin Forrest, comes up to the standard named by the English critic. He has none of the characteristics of the cart-horse, and all of the points of the substantial thoroughbred. Maud S., the great four-year-old, also has the form of a thoroughbred. The prepotent blood in both is that of the running horse. Without form neither would have shown so much speed as to attract public attention. The trotting elements in the pedigree of each have, with the assistance of toe-weights, simply given a new impulse to speed. They have influenced the motion, the folding of the knee and the action of the stifle, and thus enabled the two to startle the country with their deeds. If a sire of a cart-like form and excessive knee-action is so strongly prepotent as to stamp both his form and his action upon his progeny, you may keep breeding him from now until doomsday without getting a trotter, of more than average merit. Admit that he simply reproduces himself and allow no margin for improvement. Edwin Forrest, like Maud S., is wonderfully speedy as a trotter, because he has the speedy formation of the thoroughbred, without which formation he would be merely commonplace, in spite of the trotting elements in his ancestral tree. Toe-weights, with brains behind them, have in recent years played an important part in the development of the trotting horse. Take an animal in which the thoroughbred triumphs over the "Canuck" at the rate of seven to two, and put him in the hands of a Gilden who understands the use of weights, and he will make a trotter of him, not able merely to go the distance, but to do his miles in the quickest time. The horses which win the majority of hard-fought races in these days of progress, possess not only the form, but a large percent age of the blood of the English racer.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

A contemporary says: "There is no reason why farming may not be made to pay much oftener than it does. Very few have learned to regard it as a business. It is a sort of chance work all round. Most men look on it as a sort of real estate transaction. They hope one day to sell out at a big figure, hence are afraid to improve their farms with a view to agricultural operations, for fear that whoever buys the land will not care for those little things. We have often heard some improving farmer ridiculed for his expenditures by some knowing ones, who were very sure so and so would get more for his place than if he had thrown his money in the dirt."

A WASH FOR POULTRY HOUSES.—The *Farmer's Advocate* gives this as the best whitewash for poultry houses: "Into the whitewash pail drop a teacupful of soft-boiled rice and mix thoroughly. Then pour into a quart-pot of cold water sixty ten or twelve drops of crude carbolic acid. Mix this into the rest and swab the interior of your henhouse with it. For outside, use rock salt dissolved, instead of boiled rice, and dispense with carbolic acid. No other preparation of whitewash ever equaled this for poultry buildings."

KEEPING HARNESS.—Harness should never oe kept in the stables where manure is constantly generating large quantities of ammonia. This ammonia is rapidly absorbed by the leather, and the effect upon the leather is about the same as would result from saturating it with strong lye. In a word, ammonia rots leather, and hence keeping harness in the stable is sure to result in its damage more or less.

Too little attention is paid to the keeping of rabbits. They can be, and are in some countries, made as profitable as poultry. They are cheap, increase rapidly, require only such care as any child can give, and thrive in close confinement, in this respect being superior to poultry. Its flesh is agreeable and nutritious.

The estimated number of horses in the United States is 8,000,000, Illinois ranking first in number.

In Indiana farmers are hiring hands for the year at from $12 to $18 a month.

Scenes in Morocco.

On every side, as you travel through the country, you cannot help noticing the fertility of the land. Delicious fruits grow almost wild in great abundance—oranges, pomegranates, apricots, peaches, quinces, almonds, vines and fig trees. Wide fields of grain wave before your eyes, as surely they would not were it not that the soil barely needs to be turned over; for, through all the centuries since this coast was first cultivated, not one particle of improvement do the indolent people seem to have made in their clumsy methods. When a native farmer finds he can no longer sit in the sun and postpone his plowing, if he is to have any crop at all, he catches a donkey and a goat, or a cow and a mule, or any other creatures (including his wife) that will pull, and harnesses them to a plow which would be a fine curiosty for one of our agricultural fairs, since it is simply some sticks of wood bound together so that the sharply pointed end of the main or handle piece, is dragged along a little under the sod. Yet we must not forget that much nearer home a like lack of progress is seen; for in parts of Mexico an almost exactly similar exeuse for a plow has been used for three hundred years, and may perhaps be used for three hundred more.

When the caravan reaches a town of considerable size, a stop is likely to be made for some days, in order to allow trading to be carried on. But business is not permitted to worry the traders much, and between the entertainments of the village people and the recreations of the camp, the stranger will not lack for amusement. It is to this race, it is always to be remembered, that we owe the Arabian Nights' tales. Of these stories our translations contain only a selection, and as you sit and sip your coffee, tea or lemonade in some little cafe of whitewashed stone, you hear the old plots and familiar names, and many new romances of the same kind, told by men who do nothing else. The tales form the treasure of a very numerous class of men and women throughout the East, who find a livlihood in reciting them to crowds never tired of listening. The public squares of all the towns abound with such men, whose recitations, full of gestures and suggestive looks, hold a circle of silent listeners spell-bound with the pleasing pictures their imaginations conjure. It is said that the physicians frequently recommend the story-tellers to their patients in order to soothe pain, to calm agitation, or to produce sleep; and, accustomed to talk to sick folk, they modulate their voices, soften their tones, and gently cease as sleep steals over the sufferer.

Quite the opposite of this quiet and dreamy amusement, which takes the place of our theatres, are the shows of the snake-charmers, who everywhere collect pennies from admiring groups. They sit on the ground and handle the serpents in every way, allowing them to coil about their arms, necks and body, and dart long, forked tongues almost into their faces, while one of the group hammers a tambourine as though his life depended on it. I cannot conceive how this so-called music has anything to do with the wonderful control exercised over the snakes by the juggler; I should think they would grow cross, rather than be "charmed" by its incessant discords.—*Ernest Ingersoll, in St. Nicholas.*

The King of Burmah.

The King of Burmah is little over 20, and he has been barely four months on the throne. He is a tall, well-built personable young man. He is very fair in complexion, has a good forehead, clear, steady eyes, and a firm but pleasant mouth. His chin is full and somewhat sensual-looking, but withal he is a manly, frank-faced young fellow, and is said to have gained self possession, and lost the early nervous awkwardness of his new position with great rapidity. Of his character little has yet developed, but circumstances have occurred to prove that he is very far from destitute of a will of his own, and that he has no fondness for any diminution of the royal prerogative. As we passed out of the palace after the interview, a house in the palace grounds was pointed out to me, within which had been imprisoned in squalid misery ever since the illness of the late king some twenty male members of the royal blood, who were regarded as likely, if left at large, to use efforts for the hindrance of the accession of the lad who now sits on the throne, and who, among the youngest of the sons of his father, was selected to succeed, partly by female influence, partly by reason of the belief of the ministers that he would interpose little obstacle toward the accomplishment of the programme of constitutional reform with which they desire to begin a new reign. And in a stable near by, incarcerated there a month ago, are confined three of these ministers, living proofs that constitutional reform is a ticklish and risky undertaking, when all the traditions about the throne are those of absolutism, and the youngsters who are soft-seeming and pliable when powerless nonenities, learn swiftly to take their own part when placed in a position of power. King-makers, it is true, can be king-breakers, but it is also true that many a king-maker has himself been broken by the king he has made. And I dare say the ministers in the stable there are rather sorry now that they did not make another choice.—*London News.*

The success of the mixed classes in University College, London, is now assured. In some classes the attendance of young women is as high as thirty per cent. of the whole. The professors are perfectly satisfied with the result of opening the classes to women students, and the young men have not the slightest fear that the standard of education will be lowered.

A paragraph in the hand is worth two in an uncrediting exchange.

"Going A-Fishing."

The man who invented the fishhook will some day have a monument. It will be a granite column five hundred feet high, built by the boys alone. A boy might possibly get along with marbles, tops, stilts, balls and kites, yet he would feel that there was an aching void enough somewhere. A kite does well as long as it will outsail all other kites and the string doesn't break, and a pair of stilts are good property until after the first fall; but for real solid pleasure the fish-hook can never be beaten. A boy will always expect more and get less from it than anything else invented, but he never gets too discouraged to try again.

The Smith boy was observed trying his luck yesterday in a pond on a vacant lot on Alfred street. As far back as last December his mother promised him half a day out of school as soon as the fish began to bite, and yesterday was the glorious day. Where there's water there ought to be fish, according to every boy's reckoning, and this youth "surrounded" that wee little pond-hole with its barrel of muddy water with just as much enthusiasm as a man would throw a line into Lake St. Clair. He had ham, sweetcake, potato, dried beef and boiled egg for bait, and when he had spit on his bait and cast in his hook all the Seth Greens ever born couldn't have convinced him that he would fail of at least one good bite. For two long hours he fished for sturgeon and pickerel and pike, changing the bait now and then and never forgetting to spit on it, and as he hauled up for the last time he would simply admit that it wasn't just the right sort of day to go fishing. If he had had a little one to carry home his triumph would have been more complete, but yet his eyes were like diamonds as he met two boys on the corner and called out:

"Say! I've stayed out of school a whole half day and been a-fishing! I didn't catch any fish, 'cos they were all on their nests, but you ought to have seen the big frog which tumbled off a stone!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

How They Euchered the "Old Man."

We are told on the "best authority" that a wealthy old gentleman residing in a high-toned portion of this goodly city had a beautiful motherless daughter from whom he exacted a promise that she would never marry without his sanction. Her first lover, though "poor but honest," won her heart. The father rejected him, and bade her choose another. She said, "No, I shall yet marry him under your own roof, but not without your consent." Time passed along, and one evening, not long since, her father, for her especial amusement, gave a select masquerade ball, to which, of course, her lover was not invited. While the masks were on and mirth running high, there was a shout for some one to play preacher, as a youthful pair were to have a sham wedding. Some one volunteered, and the bride and groom stepped forth, he hobbling on crutches and she gray-haired and decrepit. Their appearance was greeted with roars of laughter. The minister said: "Some one must give this bride away; she is too young to be responsible." She chose a couple for guardians, apparently because they stood nearest. The ceremony was performed, and the hand-shaking and congratulations commenced, but the bride had fainted. Her husband snatched off her mask and his own, and in the general consternation everybody followed suit. When lo! the married couple were the "poor but honest" and his chosen one; the minister a bona fida Justice of the Peace. The girl had selected her father and aunt to give away the bride, and thus with his consent she was married at home to the man of her choice. The old man saw the joke, pronounced them too old for *him*, gave his blessing and received the husband into his family.—*Golden Era.*

THE TURKISH BATH.—Dr. Fleming, of Glasgow, has presented to the British Medical Association an account of some experiments by the author upon himself at the temperatures of from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and seventy degrees Fahrenheit, upon the weight, temperature, pulse, respiration and secretions. The result showed that the immersion of the body in hot, dry air, produced loss of weight to an extent considerably greater than normal, amounting on the average at the rate of about forty ounces an hour. This was accompanied by an increase in the temperature of the body and a rise in the pulse rate, with at first a fall, then a rise in the rapidity of respiration. The amount of solids secreted by the kidneys was increased, and coincidently the amount of ures. The sweat contained a quantity of solid matter in solution, among other things a considerable amount of ures. The most important effect of the bath, however, was the stimulation of the emunctory action of the skin. By this means, the tissues could, as it were, be washed by passing water through them from within. The increased temperature and pulse rate pointed to the necessity of caution in the use of the bath when the circulatory system was diseased.

THE "WICKED WEED."—Hops are first mentioned by Pliny, the young plants being eaten as a vegetable, like our asparagus. But until the sixteenth century they were not used as an ingredient in beer; and, when their cultivation was first introduced from Flanders, in 1525, an outcry was raised, and Parliament was petitioned against a "wicked weed that would spoil the taste of the drink and endanger the people." But the piquant bitter found favor with the public, who relished this addition to the previously unmitigated sweetness. And so the hop was promoted from the hedge-row to the "garden," and ever since, labor and money has been constantly expended on it.

Train the Boys for Business.

There is one element in the home instruction which boys receive prior to their advent into the business world to which too little attention has been given. We mean the cultivation of habits of punctuality, system, order and responsibility. In too many households boys from twelve to seventeen years are administered to too much by loving mothers or other female members of the family. Boys' lives through those years are the halcyon days of their existence. Up in the morning just in season for breakfast; nothing to do but start off early enough so as not to be late; looking upon an errand as taking so much time and memory away from enjoyment; little thought of personal appearance except when reminded by mother to "spruce up" a little; finding his wardrobe always where mother puts it—in fact, having nothing to do but enjoy himself.

Thus his life goes on until school ends. Then he is ready for business. He goes into an office where everything is system, order and precision. He is expected to keep things neat and orderly, sometimes kindle fires, file letters, do errands—in short, become a part of a nicely regulated machine, where everything moves in systematic grooves, and each one is responsible for the correctness in his department, and where, in place of ministers to his comfort, he finds task-masters, more or less lenient, to be sure, and everything in marked contrast to his previous life.

In many instances the change is too great. Errors become numerous, blunders, overlooked at first, get to be matters of serious moment; then patience is overtasked, and the boy is told his services are no longer wanted. This is his first blow, and sometimes he never rallies from it. Then comes the surprise to the parents, who too often never know the real cause, nor where they have failed in the training of their children.

What is wanted is every boy to have something special to do, to have some duty at a definite hour, and to learn to watch for that hour to come, to be answerable for a certain portion of the routine of the household, to be trained to anticipate the time when he may enter the ranks of business, and to be fortified with habits of energy, accuracy and application, too often of more importance than superficial book learning.—*Com. Bulletin.*

BRILLIANT WHITEWASH.—Take half a bushel of good unslacked lime and slack it with boiling water, covering it during the process to keep in the steam; strain the liquor through a fine sieve or strainer and add to it a peck of clean salt, previously dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice, ground to a thin paste and stirred and boiled hot, half a pound of powdered Spanish whitening, and a pound of clean glue, which had been previously dissolved by first soaking it well and then hanging it over a slow fire in a small kettle, within a larger one filled with water; add five gallons of hot water to the whole mixture; stir it well and let it stand for a few days, covered from dirt. The whitewash should be put on quite hot; for this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on the stove. One pint of this mixture will cover a square yard of surface if properly applied. Brushes more or less small may be used according to the nature of the job required. The wash retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it, either for inside or outside walls.

GRAVY FOR A ROAST FOWL.—Boil the neck of the fowl, after having cut it small, in half a pint of water, with a seasoning of spice or herbs; let it stew very softly for an hour and a half. When the bird is just ready for the table, take the gravy from the dripping-pan and drain off the fat; strain the liquor from the neck into it, mixing them smoothly; pass the gravy again through the strainer; heat it, adding seasoning if necessary, and take it hot to the table.

FRIED OYSTERS.—Large oysters are the best for this purpose. Simmer for a minute or two in their own liquor, drain perfectly dry, dip in yolks of eggs and then in bread crumbs, seasoned with cayenne (or black) pepper and salt; fry them of a light brown. These are chiefly used as a garnish for fish or fowls, but if intended to be eaten alone, make a little thick melted butter, moistened with the liquor of the oysters, and served as sauce.

BOILING POTATOES.—Have your saucepan half full of water; let it boil, then throw in two teaspoonfuls of salt, then add your potatoes; let them boil twenty minutes; do not let them stop boiling one instant; when they crack open or seem inclined to do so, take them off the fire, strain the water off, put them back on the stove with the cover on the saucepan; let them stand so three or four minutes and you will have them mealy and white.

TO BOIL PICKLED BEEF.—Put on the fire in cold water; let it simmer slowly, allowing fifteen minutes for every pound; do not let it boil; keep skimming or it will look dirty; if it is left in the pot until the water is cold it will be much more tender. Among all the recipes no one seems to have thought of giving one for

BOILED HAM.—Put a ham in a boiler while the water is cold; be careful that it boils slowly. A ham of twenty pounds take four hours and a half, larger and smaller in proportion; keep the water well skimmed. A green ham wants no soaking, but an old one must be soaked sixteen hours in a large tub of water.

DRESSING FOR TURKEY.—Take dry pieces of bread or crackers, chop them fine, put in a small piece of butter or a little cream, with sage, pepper and salt, one egg and a small quantity of flour moistened with milk.

Remove the *threads* before sending roast fowls to the table.

THE WINTERS ADVOCATE.

Dwight L. Hackett,.....Editor.

SATURDAY, : : MAY 10, 1879.

List Of Yolo County Postoffices.

Woodland. [county seat]....Louis Walker.
Winters.....Lorenzo Moody.
Grafton.....S. J. Fryatt.
Yolo.....Geo. F. Wherry.
Davisville.....L. C. Drummond
Madison.....Dr W. E. Fifield
Capay.....E. E. Pirkins.
Blacks Station.....C. S. Huston.
Dunnigan.....C. S. Gray.
Plainfield.....A. Woldorf.

THE THURMAN ACT.

On May 7th, 1878, Congress passed an act which has become known as the Thurman Act, which provided that 25 per cent. of the net earnings of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads should be paid to the Treasurer of the United States, to be by him applied partly to the payment of the interest on the bonds issued by the United States to these companies, and partly to the establishment of a sinking fund in the Treasury, for the final payment of the bonded indebtedness of the companies. A suit was soon after brought by Albert Gallatin against the C. P. R. R. in the U. S. Circuit Court for the District of California, which was but a sham suit, brought about by the railroad managers, to test the constitutionality of the Thurman Act. About the same time the Union Pacific Company commenced a suit against the United States for the same purpose. Both these cases were decided adversely to the Railroad, and were appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States. That Court, on Monday last, affirmed the judgments of the courts below—thus declaring the Act to be Constitutional. The opinion was delivered by the Chief Justice, Associate Justices Field, Bradley and Strong dissenting. The companies will now be compelled to pay the interest on the money loaned them by the Government, a duty which they have been shirking for a long time. This decision on the constitulionality of Mr. Thurman's bill adds laurels to his already national fame as a constitutional lawyer.

WITH PLEASURE.

We have received a copy of the *National Police Gazette*, with the request that we give the same a favorable notice. If there is any class of newspapers which ought to be suppressed, it is this class whose entire attention is given to the recording of all the infamous and horrible crimes with which our court records are already too full. We believe that the weekly perusal of such papers only tends to blunt the sensibilities and harden the hearts of those indulging in such literature. In this being brought, as it were, in direct contact with vice, the youth of our land are almost sure, as the poet has said, to "first endure, then pity, then embrace."

If parents would see to it that their children had plenty of good moral, wholesome books to read, they could rest assured that these sensational publications would remain untouched. And if the publishers of these poison fountains would turn their attention to the publishing of the good deeds that are done, instead of directing their energies to the dissemination of all the bad ones, their readers would increase in number as well as morality.

The *Nation*, a conservative Republican newspaper, "whoops it up" on Grant in the following style: "There is no Republican whiskey thief or corruptionist of any description, defrauder of the revenue, bribe taker or bribe giver, worthless or lazy Custom House or other officer, rascally blackmail editor, knavish contractor or ringmaster, no drunken loafer or gambler, no enemy of improvement in any branch of the Government, who is not a hearty and vociferous Grant man,, and who is not now rubbing his hands over the chance of seeing the 'old man' back in the White House."

There is no telling how much good the north winds we have had lately have done for the grain crops of the State. The winds have not been severe in force, nor have they been very warm, so that grain has neither been blown nor injured by the heat. The surface dampness has been dried up, and the too much growth has been checked, thus removing to some extent the danger and tendency of rust. Should we escape rust this season, as there is reason to hope we will, we may expect the largest wheat crop that has ever been produced in this State.

San Francisco, the home of the sandlotters, and the only place in the State where they have any numerical strength gave 1400 majority against the new law. The farming counties, inhabited by the real bone and sinew, as well as intelligence of the State, furnished the majorities that won the day.

A number of persons are busily engaged in washing out gold from the hills adjoining the San Francisquito and Placerito canyons, Los Angeles county. They report making good wages.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF!

MONEY DON'T WIN.

THE PEOPLE DO.

We have Met the Enemy and they are Ours.

THE NEW LAW ADOPTED.

The Majority will Reach 10,000.

The people of the State of California have had the question put to them whether they need a new Constiution or not, and have emphatically decided in the affirmative. From the adjournment of the Convention at Sacramento to the going down of the sun on Wednesday last, one of the most relentless and energetic fights ever waged by the money power against the masses of the people of any State was carried on in California. Every argument and prejudice that could be brought to bear in influencing men to vote against their convictions was used by the party opposed to the change, but to no purpose. The people would not be scared nor bulldosed into voting against their own interests, and have proven it to the codfish aristocrats who have generally referred to them as the "unthinking majority." The election just passed has but one parallel in the history of the United States. When, in 1832, the entire money power of the country was arrayed against Andrew Jackson in his fight for the Presidency, because of his action on the U. S. Bank bill, the people, true to themselves, refused to be bought, and that gallant, honest, sturdy, glorious old patriot and statesman was triumphantly re-elected. In this fight the honest working masses have had everything to contend against. The only daily paper in San Francisco that had the boldness and backbone to stand up for truth and honesty was the *Chronicle*, and right nobly did it carry on the fight. It is an undeniable fact that but for the indomitable pluck and energy of that paper in successfully meeting and squelching every lying argument and thieving plot of the enemy, the people would have been hoodwinked into defeating one of the best constitutions ever submitted to the voters of a State. But the fight is won. Let officers be elected that will faithfully carry out the intentions of our new law, and there is no doubt but what California will enter upon an era of prosperity such as no State in the Union has ever enjoyed.

The majority for adoption of the new law will exceed 10,000. Returns are in from all but five counties, but they are not complete. As far as heard from the majority is 9,243. This will be sure to reach 10,000, and the probabilities are that it will get beyond that figure. As the ADVOCATE predicted a majority of 15,000, it will be seen we were not far wrong in our calculations.

A French chemist last year exposed a quantity of flour to a hydraulic pressure of 300 tons, which reduced it to a fourth of its original bulk, without impairing the quality. He packed a portion of it in tin boxes and sealed them up, doing the same with unpressed flour. When opened in three months, the former was in better condition than the latter. When baked it to bread, the pressed article was decidedly superior. After the lapse of a year other cans were opened, and the unpressed flour had become spoiled, while the pressed remained sweet, and was excellent when baked.

The report comes from London that the British Government has decided upon the immediate construction of a submarine telegraph to South Afrira, having accepted the tender of the Eastern Telegraph Company. The route is by the way of Aden, Zanzibar, Mozambique, Delagoa Bay and Eatal. It will connect with the whole of the Eastern system of telegraph. From the same source we learn that the subterranean lines in Germany, are attaining vast dimensions, and that the Reichstag has just voted $450,000 for further extensions.

The Santa Rosa *Democrat* perpetrates the following: A Vallejo young lady, about to go off in the cars, stepped into the dark sitting room of the depot to kiss her friend Sarah good-bye. Owing to the darkness she didn't hit Sarah, but caromed on a Chinaman, and did not find out the mistake until the Chinaman began yelling: "Whatee for you so chokee me? Hi yah! No squeeze so muchee." One yell, a flopping of feminine garments, a slammed door, and the girl was gone.

A Sunday School Convention for Lake county will be held at Kelseyville, the 24th inst. It will be composed of delegates chosen by the several Sunday Schools in the county. Matters of importance concerning Sunday School work will be brought up and discussed. Rev. J. L. Woods, of the Presbyterian church, will preach the opening sermon—*Lower Lake Bulletin.*

Dennis Collins started on the 1st inst. to walk from San Francisco to New York in 100 days, for a purse of $1,500.

SCHOOL SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN.

The Massachusetts Legislature has, by majories of two to one in both Houses, passed a bill securing what is called "school suffrage" for women. That is to say, every woman who is a citizen of the Commonwealth, twenty-one years of age, and possessed of the other qualifications of male voters, may participate in the election of school committees. The same privilege has lately been accorded in New Hampshire, and still earlier in Kansas. The admission of women to the Boston school committees had paved the way for the larger liberty in Massachusetts; but both the one and the other are the natural outgrowth of the enormous part allotted in our educational system to female teachers, as in no other country in the world. In the public schools of the United States, according to the last census, they outnumbered the male teachers by nearly fifty per cent.; but when abstraction is made of the South, where in only four instances (Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and Louisiana) the male teachers are exceeded by the female, and generally exceed them from twenty-five to three hundred per cent., the proportion is vastly more favorable to the latter. Thus, in 1870, there were 2600 female teachers in New Hampshire to 510 male; while in Massachusetts there were 5387 female to 753 male. Nothing was more natural than that women should be thought qualified to inspect and examine as well as to teach, or that they should desire to have a share in the choice and in the work of committees; and the only wonder is that they were not enabled to do so long ago. The recent extension of the higher education to women, particularly in Massachusetts, is the best assurance that the new privilege will be usefully employed.—*The Nation.*

THE WAY TO SUCCESS.

Fortune, fame, success, position are never gained but by piously, determinedly, bravely sticking, living to a thing till it is fairly accomplished. In short you must carry a thing through if you want to be anybody or anything. No matter if it does cost you the pleasure, the society, the thousand pearly gratifications of life. No matter for these. Stick to the thing and carry it through. Believe you were made for the matter, and no one else can do it. Put forth your whole energies. Be awake; electrify yourself; go forth to the task. Only once learn to carry a thing through in all its completeness and proportion, and you will become a hero. You will think better of yourself; others will think better of you. The world in its very heart, admires the stern, determined doer. It sees in him its best sight, its brightest object, its richest treasure. Drive right along then, whatever you undertake. Consider yourself amply sufficient for the deed. You'll be successful.

Political.

Brother Gardner said he had a remark or two to say in regard to the coming election, and he said:

"Go on to the polls airly. Git right away from dar jist as soon as you hev put in your vote."

"Doan' vote but once, kase de second won't count for nuffin'.

"Doan' stan' aroun' de polls talkin' 'bout de hard winter or de late Spring, kase 'lection hazn't nuffin to do wid de weather.

"Doan' blow roun' 'bout de candydates. Let de candydates do dar own blowin'.

"Doan' mix up in eny fouts, kase fouts am none o' yer bizness, and folks may git dar ribs broken.

"Doan' try to make anybody believe dat de salvashun of dis kentry depends on de success of your ticket, fur it don't. Dis kentry would go right 'long to glory if dar wasn't a ticket put up from now till Halifax.

"Dat's all. Let de meetin' be abided for one week."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The London correspondent of the Dundee *Advertiser* states that there are vague rumors to the effect that Queen Victoria's health is not satisfactory. The journey to Italy was not a mere holiday, but was ordered by Sir Willam Jenner, who considered a change of scene and an entire absence from official duty absolutely necessary. It is also hinted that unless a considerable change in her Majesty's health takes place, she will no longer be able to discharge the functions which belong to the sovereign of the country, and rumor points to the possibility of an abdication.

He was a venerable, agricultural looking man, attired in the latest New Jersey fashion, and he stood on the street corner near Washington market. Holding up his left hand and gazing reflectively upon three pieces of string, tied around an equal number of fingers, he soliloquized: "That's to remind me to get a spool of cotton; t'other means don't forget the calico. But what in thunder's this one for? Ah, by gum! that's don't get drunk again."

London has more Roman Catholics than Rome, more Jews than all Palestine, more Irish than Belfast, more Scotch than Aberdeen, more Welsh than Cardiff; its beer and gin shops, placed one after another in a line, would reach sixty-two miles, and and one entire quarter of the city is inhabited by 300,000 of the most miserable wretches and worst thieves to be found on earth.

A Muscatine lady named her canary "Jim Blaine." He did not sing much, but she loved him tenderly until last Saturday, when she learned that "Jim" had laid an egg. Now she declares that "no dependence can be place on a politician."

Love rules the court, the camp, the earth below and heaven above; but it never sewed a gray patch in the back of your husband's trousers. That isn't Love. That's revenge.

GREAT SACRIFICE!

The Undersigned having Purchased the Entire Stock of Merchandise of the firm of BLUM SONS & CO., of Dixon,

AT SHERIFF'S SALE.

Will offer to the People of Yolo and Solano Counties the Large and Select Stock of Choice Goods FOR CASH, at an

IMMENSE SACRIFICE!

GOODS MUST BE SOLD WITHIN SIXTY DAYS!

REGARDLESS OF COST.

CALL AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

MOSES BLUM.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WINTERS

LIVERY AND FEED STABLE,

Main St., Winters, Yolo Co.

BOWEN BROS., Props.

may10-tf

NEW FIRM!

H. R. LINNELL & CO.,

37 and 39 J Street, Sacramento.

HARDWARE

—AND—

Agricultural Implements.

AGENTS FOR THE

Mitchell Wagons,
Weyrich Headers,
Anson Woods' Mowers & Reapers,
Buckeye Wheel Rakes,

Which we offer as first-class Goods. We also have a full line of Forks, Rakes, and all Harvesting Tools, with a WELL SELECTED STOCK OF HARDWARE.

We invite all to call and see us, or send us their orders.

We shall, by fair dealing, endeavor to merit patronage, and by selling at favorable rates, make it an object to purchase our goods.

Address,
H. H. LINNELL & CO.
Sacramento.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

H. H. LINNELL. may10-2m GEO. O. BATES.

I. A. BUTZ,

Merchant Tailor.

Opposite Craft Hotel,

WOODLAND.

GOOD FITS GUARANTEED.

Charges moderate—All work warranted.

NEW STORE,

MAIN STREET, WINTERS.

FINE SUPPLY OF FAMILY GROCERIES—Bed-rock prices. Everything marked in plain figures. Cash on produce only. By this method we sell cheaper by 25 per cent. than can any man who sells on a year's credit. Try us.

o 10-8-tf ELLIOTT & CO.

THE SEWING MACHINE OF TO-DAY.

"DOMESTIC"
THE LIGHT RUNNING

The Most Efficient and Enduring of

SEWING MACHINES.

It saves muscle, health, time and temper. Does the widest range of work with the least adjusting, least noise and least effort.

LADIES USE THE

DOMESTIC PAPER FASHIONS

They are unsurpassed in STYLE and peafect in FIT.

Send stamp for catalogue. Good Agents wanted in every town.

Address, **J. W. EVANS,**
29 Post Street, San Francisco.
Mechanic's Institute Building.

T. M. PRIOR,

SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER

Importer from the East.

Everything in my line will be kept on hand or made to order in first-class style.

Two doors west of Express Office,

Main Street, Woodland.

mar15

French Restaurant.

WHEN YOU GO TO WOODLAND get your meals at the French Restaurant, where you will find the best table in Yolo county. OYSTERS served in every style.

TWO DOORS WEST OF EXPRESS OFFICE,

B. DENNERY, Prop.

C. W. PROCTOR,

PRACTICAL DRUGGIST,

Dealer in

Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils,

AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

Under Craft Hotel, Main Street,.....Woodland.

WESTERN

FIRE INS. COMPANY

—OF—

SAN FRANCISCO.

Takes risks at a Lower Rate than any of the Board Companies.

D. L. HACKETT,
Agent for Winters.

NEW STORE.

HENRY CRANER

Has opened a new store in Winters, and intends to keep on hand a well selected stock of

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

MERCHANDISE, ETC.

Having bought my goods for cash, and my expenses being light, I shall sell goods as cheap as they can be bought in san Francisco, Sacramento, or Woodland.

I MEAN WHAT I SAY.

Give me a call when you want anything in my line and you will be convinced.

HENRY CRANER.

ap26

GREAT REDUCTION!

—IN—

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

FANCY GOODS,

Etc., Etc.

The above goods will be sold for the next 60 DAYS at 25 per cent. less than they can be bought in any other place in this county.

DRESS GOODS, worth 30 and 35 cts.,....			**15 Cts.**
" " "	50 " ....25 "		
" " "	75 " ....40 "		
" " "	1 00 " ....62½ "		
MEN'S SUITS, worth $20,.....			**$12.50**
" " " $25,.....			**15.00**

Call in before purchasing elsewhere,

Haas & Kauffman.

Winters.

BANK OF WOODLAND.

Capital Stock, $500,000.

J. D. STEPHENS.....President.
F. S. FREEMAN.....Vice-President.
C. W. BUSH.....Cashier.

Money Loaned on Rdal Estate, Personal or Collateral Security.

EXCHANGES DRAWN ON EASTERN OR EUROPEAN CITIES.

Collections Receive Prompt Attention.

County Warrants, Greenbacks, and all Negotiable Securities, bought and sold.

A Rare Chance!

PAINT AND CARRIAGE SHOP FOR SALE.

I offer my Paint and Carriage shop for sale on account of retiring from the business. Apply to

JOSEPH MURRAY,

ap5 WINTERS, YOLO CO., CAL.

DRESSMAKING!

MRS. JOHN WEBBER,

The Fashionable Dressmaker of Woodland, is constantly receiving from the East the latest styles of ladies' apparel, which she fits to suit all tastes. When you are in Woodland, ladies,

GIVE HER A CALL.

W. P. WOMACK,

CONSTABLE,

Licensed Auctioneer for Yolo County.

Will attend to the collection af accounts.

WINTERS, CAL.

THOMAS & HUNT,

Buyers of and Dealers in

Grain and Wool.

OFFICE IN EXCELSIOR BLOCK,

Main Street,.....Woodland.

FARMERS' & MECHANICS' STORE.

Main Street,.....Woodland.

CHARMAK & LEVY

Desire to inform the people that they have as large and fine a selected stock of

GROCERIES

—AND—

PROVISIONS

As can be found in Yolo county, which they will sell

As Cheap as the Cheapest.

—THE—

DRY GOODS

—AND—

CLOTHING

DEPARTMENT

Is complete in every particular, and the goods are all new and fresh, and of the latest styles.

CONSOLIDATION!

To the People of Winters and Vicinity:

WE DESIRE TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION to the fact that we have bought and taken charge of the popular Corner Store of F. S. FREEMAN & Co., and also that we have

CONSOLIDATED

Our former establishment with the one above mentioned at the

PIONEER STORE,

Corner First and Main Streets,

WOODLAND.

We are now prepared to meet the demands of Farmers in all kinds of Merchandise, including

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

Of which we are constantly keeping a Large, Fresh, and well selected stock.

Our prices are lower than any others in the county.

Our terms are easier than any others in the county.

Our facilities are better than any others in the county,

For which reasons we can offer better inducements to farmers than any other firm in the county. If will certainly be to your interest to trade with us when in Woodland, and it shall be our constant aim to prove the above assertions.

Respectfully,

A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.

Corner First and Main Sts., Woodland. mar15

THE WINTERS ADVOCATE.

Issued at Winters, Yolo county, Cal., every Saturday,

BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS:

One Year—in advance.....$2 00
Six Months.....1 25

ADVERTISING RATES:

Per Square, first insertion.....$1 00
Subsequent insertions.....50
Regular advertisements, 1 column, per mo.....12 00
" " 1 " " " 7 00
" " 1 " " " 4 00
Professional Cards, per month.....1 00
Local Notices, per line, first insertion.....10
Subsequent insertions.....05

LOUIS WALKER, Postmaster, is our authorized agent at Woodland, and all advertisements and subscriptions may be left with him.

POST OFFICE NOTICE

Mail closes daily at the Post office at Winters, Cal., for all parts, at 2:30 P. M. Also for the North and East at 8:30 P. M. Madison and Capay at 11:30 A. M.

OFFICE HOURS.

Post office open from 7 o'clock A. M. to 5 P. M. and 7 o clock, P. M. to 9 P. M.

ON SUNDAYS.

open from 8 o'clock A. M. to 10 o'clock A. M.

Mail matter for the morning train going North and East, should be in the Postoffice the evening before.

LORENZO MOODY, Postmaster.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Vox populi; Vox Dei!

Don't I tole you so, ain't it?

Election day passed without a single fight in Winters.

The District Lodge, I. O. G. T., for Yolo county, meets at Madison to-day.

A fish peddler was in town on election day and did a lively business.

The gravel trains were delayed twice on Wednesday by heated wheels.

The temple of justice has been removed to the Donnelly building, near the ADVOCATE office.

The Champions of the Red Cross gave a pic-nic at Madison yesterday which was well attended.

What do you think now of the *Chronicle* and the WINTER'S ADVOCATE? Political influence, eh?

All the saloons were closed on election day, and the election laws were observed as near as possible.

There was quite a frost visible on the morning of the election—something unusual for this season of the year.

The weather has been quite cool the past week, and yesterday we were treated to a slight sprinkle of rain.

Thos. Murphy, our tonsorial artist, has sold his business to a man from Sacramento, who will take charge next week.

Any man that will vote against his honest convictions just to oblige a man who pretends to be his friend, should be denied the right of suffrage.

The boys loaded the anvils so heavy on Tuesday night last, as to cause a large piece to be blown from one of them. Fortunately no one was hurt.

Every morning the train takes away a car loaded with vegetables for the San Francisco market from the ranches on Putah Creek and in Pleasant Valley.

A certain school teacher who resides in Winters vowed he would leave the State if the new Constitution was adopted. We move to re-consider.

Clark says that any man that says that he advised anybody to burn anything in his speech at Winters the night before election, is a three-cornered liar.

Messrs. Porter, Williams, Woods, Kimberly and Maxwell, all old residents of Yolo Co., and New Constitution men, are not on the Great Register. Is it not remarkable?

Isn't it strange that the "costermongers," "sand-lotters," and "agrarians," who furnished the majorities that carried the new law, should consist mostly of intelligent and hard-working farmers?

The first man to pay a "pole-tax" under the new law was Supervisor Sims. His team was hitched near Harling & Lowry's store on Thursday, when one of his horses lay down on the pole, breaking it in two.

We broke a casting of our job press last Monday, and were compelled to send it to Sacramento to be repaired. The press is in running order again now, and we are ready to do all kinds of job work on short notice.

The sound of a pistol startled the ears of the inhabitants of our town last Sunday evening. It was caused by a citizen trying his revolver to see if it would go off in case he should be unfortunate enough to get in a row.

As will be seen by the advertisement in to-day's issue, Moses Blum has purchased the entire stock of Merchandise formerly belonging to Blum Sons & Co. at Dixon, and will sell the same for the next 60 days at a great sacrifice.

One day this week we noticed a rather aged looking Celestial digging roots of the osage orange on the banks of Putah Creek. Our curiosity prompted us to inquire of him what use he intended to put them to, and were informed that the sap of the roots is a sure cure for some of the ills the Chinese flesh is heir to.

There will be three days' racing on the Oakland track, commencing to-day, under the management of the Pacific Blood Horse Association. The best horses in the State are entered for the races, and there will no doubt be a large attendance. The days on which the races will be run are Saturday, May 10th, Wednesday, May 14th, and Saturday, May 17th. We return thanks to the Secretary of the Association, Jos. Carin Simpson, for a complimentary ticket.

NEW FIRM.—By reference to our advertisin columns it will be seen that a new hardware firm has commenced business at 37 and 39 J street, Sacramento, under the name of H. H. Linnell & Co. Mr. Linnell has been for years the manager of the large firm of M. C. Hawley & Co., and brings into his new enterprise an experience that will be of great benefit to his customers as well as himself. We advise all who do trading in Sacramento to give the new firm a call when in that city, or send them an order for anything in that line.

The Election in Winters.

Election day in Winters was comparatively quiet. As soon as the polls were opened in the morning the voting commenced, and before noon the greater portion of the votes were in the ballot box. 211 votes were cast altogether, which is much above the average vote for this precinct. During the day all the saloons were closed, and not a drunken man was to be seen on the streets. The 100 foot law was rigidly observed, and every one seemed to be in the best of humor—not a fight or even a war of words taking place. Although there was some grumbling about names being dropped from the Register without cause, it is universally conceded that the election was as honest and fair as any ever held. The Winters telegraph office not being on the main line, no news of any importance or reliability was received that night; but the next morning, when it was reported the new Constitution had been adopted, there was great rejoicing among those in favor of it, and a corresponding depression among the opposers. The vote in Winters stood, For, 135; Against, 76.

He Found Him.

On Monday night last, a colored gentleman from Woodland came over with the Anti-Constitution excursionists, and it is said he attempted to bribe our respected colored citizen, Silas Nelson and got knocked down for his trouble. Silas gives his account of the affair as follows: "I was engaged in firin' anvils for de new Constitution boys, when a man came up an' said dere was a colored gemman from Woodland lookin' for me. I went up de street, an' ebery man I met said de same t'ing I found de gemman, and after indulgin' in a little social conversation, he offered me $15 to vote for de old Constitution. Wid dat, my patri'tism jist biled, an' I struck out wid my left, an' dat nigger drapped sudden. I says, 'You needn't come roun' tryin' to c'rupt me wid your corp'ration gold you black nigger you.' I give you to un'stan' dat my honesty is unpeachable before de high-tonedest and most inspected citizens ob dis community. You hear my gentle tones.'" The next morning some of the boys told Silas there was a gentleman looking for him the night before. "He found me boys, he found me," was the reply, as he showed his swollen hand.

The Meetings.

On Saturday night last there were two meetings in Winters, the Anti-Constitution meeting being held at Sackett's Hall, and the pro-Constitution meeting on Main street near the ADVOCATE office. Both were well attended, the former being addressed by Gen. Minis, Judge Henry, Judge O'Neal and Pat Dorney, and the latter by Judge Johnson, District Attorney Garoutte, R. Clark and Jos. Morris. The meeting on the street had the largest attendance and the most enthusiasm, and adjourned by giving three cheers for the new Constitution and the Winters ADVOCATE.

On Monday evening the Anti's had a meetin Sackett's Hall. A free excursion train was run from Madison, bringing a large delegation from that town, and the Ellis Band of Woodland, which enlivened the drooping spirits of the crowd by some excellent music. This meeting was addressed by J. C. Bell, of Woodland, and Hon. J. M. Days, of San Francisco.

On Tuesday evening those in favor of the new law held their final rally. Addresses were made by Rev. S. B. Dunton and R. Clark, and there was plenty of enthusiasm. At all of these meetings the best of feeling prevailed, and the speakers were listened to with marked attention.

Hon. Geo. W. Baine.

Hon. Geo. W. Baine, of Kentucky, lectured on the subject of Temperance to a large audience at the Christian Church, Winters, on Thursday evening last. The lecturer has the happy faculty of entertaining an audience from the beginning, and keeps their undivided attention all through the discourse, whether indulging in the deepest pathos, or the broadest humor. He is lecturing under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of this State, and made a powerful plea in their behalf. He succeeded in obtaining 21 names of persons willing to unite with the order. It was the finest temperance lecture we ever listened to. He spoke at Madison last night, at the meeting of the District Lodge.

Resolutions of Respect.

Hall of Buckeye Grange No. 96, P. of H. Winters, Yolo county, California.

WHEREAS, By a dispensation of the all-wise Master, death has again visited our Grange and removed from our midst one of our worthy sisters to the Grand Grange above, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Sister Ella Moody this Grange has lost a worthy and highly esteemed member, the husband (our brother) a dearly beloved wife, the father and mother a dutiful daughter, and the community an ornament to society.

Resolved, That the charter of this Grange be draped in mourning and the members wear the usual badge for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread in full on the minutes of this Grange, and a copy sent to the Winters ADVOCATE and the *California Patron* for publication, and a copy sent to Brother H. L. Moody, husband of the deceased sister.

WM. SIMS,
L. DEXTER,
J. H. WILGUS, } Committee

A CHANGE.—Mr. John Apperson, who has filled the reportorial chair of the Woodland *Daily Democrat* for the last two months, has resigned his position, and will enter upon a canvass of the county for DePue & Co.'s Illustrated History. His former place is filled by S. M. Norton, of Cacheville, who has long been a correspondent of the county papers, in which occupation he has shown considerable ability.

PROSPECTS.—Just now there are as good prospects for a bountiful harvest in Yolo county as there ever were in its history. The season is some later than usual, and wheat will not be ready for the header before the middle or latter part of June; but it is all growing finely, and nothing except very wet weather will materially injure it—something we are not likely to have.

RACES.—On Saturday, May 31st, there will be running and trotting races over the Woodland race course; also on Saturday, June 7th.

Letter from Jim Jenks.

WOODLAND, May 7th, 1879.

ED. ADVOCATE:—The cruel war is over, and the slain to-night lie scattered from Siskiyou to San Diego. Not enough is known yet, however, to make even the victors feel happy. All is anxiety and uncertainty. The smallest item of news is received with a hurrah by the party to whom it is favorable. The election in this city passed off very quietly and orderly—much more so than was expected from the exhibitions of hot blood on so many occasions before election day. The majority for the new Constitution in this city is 2.9, and in the county 561—much more than the friends of the old Constitution looked for, and much less than the friends of the new Constitution expected. One of the strangest things about the campaign has been to see what queer bed-fellows it has made. Democrats and Republicans who have always been fighting each other with desperate energy have been seen arm in arm, as loving as sucking doves. Republicans who have been life-long friends and worked in the harness side by side, and also Democrats, have sworn that if their Republican or Democratic friends voted for the new Constitution they would never support them again for any office, while another set have asserted just as strongly that they would never support anyone who voted against it. About the funniest thing of all, though, was to see Jim Aull get Dan Burns and Joe Craig and Bruce Pendegast in a corner and lay down his instructions to them. But it seems that all campaigns must have a "grand generalissimo" to do the planning and hard work, and of course Woodland could not get along without one.

Business has not been as brisk in Woodland for a while past as it probably will be from now on. The fact is, every one has had Constitution on the brain. Let two friends meet and you could be sure the first question would be, "Well, how is the Constitution in your neighborhood?" When a lady asked a clerk the price of calico, she would generally get for an answer, "How is your husband on the Constitution? Is he for or against?" Everyone has had Constitution for breakfast, dinner and supper; had it fried, baked, broiled and frizzled, until they are glad to change to some other diet. Business will probably revive again now that the thing is settled, whether it is voted up or voted down.

The wooden wedding of that prince of good fellows, Joe Craig, took place last week Friday, at the residence of J. D. Stephens, and was *the* party of the season. To be sure the number present was not as large as at some parties given last Winter, but, O my! the ladies did look so sweet and lovely and happy that it made one feel glad to be around, and the gentlemen—well, they all seemed to feel proud that they were in such good company, and the proudest of the lot was he who five years before had won the heart and hand of one of Woodland's fairest maidens.

JIM JENKS.

Woodland Items.

[From the Daily Democrat.]

On Saturday last, Edward Johnson, a boy about 14 years of age, was struck on the leg with a ball bat while playing on the College grounds, causing a fracture of the limb.

Steve Howard has sold a car load of his fine mules to parties in San Francisco. They are to be shipped to the Sandwich Islands.

The City Guards of Sacramento will have an excursion to Woodland on Saturday, the 10th instant., remaining over Sunday.

Information has reached us that in some portions of the county fear is felt by farmers of another visitation of blight in the wheat crop similar to that of last year. It is said that while the summer-fallowed and early sown grain gives the best promise of a large yield, the late sown, and especially that planted on wet, marshy soil, gives unmistakable evidence of blight to some extent. We hope however their fears are not well founded. This dry, cool, sunny weather is the most favorable possible to prevent anything of the kind.

MARRIED.

At Knight's Landing, May 1st, 1879, by Rev. J. N. Pendegast, Major J. E. R. O'Farrell and Miss Ada B. Gwinn.

The Major is the popular surveyor of Yolo county, and is as genial and whole-souled a gentleman as one would wish to meet. He is tolerably good-looking, too, but don't seem so when seen in company with his charming lady. Excuse us, Jim, but you do suffer by comparison. This new departure of his has been expected for some time. May all his "lines" be cast in pleasant places, and every "link" in the "chain" of his happiness be as bright during his whole life as on the day of his wedding.

HOME AGAIN.—Mrs. P. A. Callihan, formerly the leading Milliner of Sacramento, has returned to that city and opened the most elegant millinery store on this coast. Her goods are of the finest and always of the very latest styles, as she imports them direct. Please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere. Bleaching and pressing a specialty. Orders promptly and satisfactorily filled. MRS. P. A. CALLIHAN.

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORICAL ATLAS OF YOLO COUNTY.

We are preparing to illustrate and describe your County. The plan of this work is to represent by language and pictures its most important features, as shown in residences, Farms, Mills, Mines, Schools, Churches, Hotels, and Business Houses, which of themselves are monuments to the taste and prosperity of the community in which they are situated and which no written description can portray.

The illustrations are to be made from original sketches drawn on the spot by Artists of the first ability. All sections of the country will be visited, and the owners of prominent places deemed worthy of representation will be invited to have them prepared for the work. Similar works issued in other Counties have received the cordial support and generous patronage of leading citizens interested in the welfare and prosperity of their respective localities.

We have arranged for the publication in our work of the official maps of the county, thus supplying a long felt want by placing in the hands of every subscriber a copy of the map, which will be well drawn and lithographed and divided into six sections. Each section will contain six Congressional Townships and be sixteen by twenty-six inches in size.

Our aim will be to spread abroad reliable information relative to your County. The work will contain a large amount of Historical, Descriptive and Statistical matter of value and interest to all residents, and will be suitable for any parlor or library, and one which all citizens may feel proud to show to their friends at home and abroad as a representation of the enterprise, business and wealth of the County.

DE PUE & Co., Publishers.
Office in Excelsior Block, Woodland.

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[University of Pennsylvania.]
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Office and residence, SUISUN. Will be in Winters one-fourth of his time. ap5

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BLACKSMITHING
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PENDEGAST & CO.,
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Wish to call the attention of their friends of Winters and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of
BOOTS AND SHOES,
A FULL LINE OF
GENTS' CLOTHING,
Furnishing Goods,
HATS, ETC.,
Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.
GIVE US A CALL.
mar15.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.
We beg to call the attention of the Trade to the Large Stock of
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
Which we have just received. Consisting in part of
ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN
DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN
DRY GOODS,
FANCY GOODS,
HOSIERY, ETC.
These Lines will be found complete in every respect, and qualities to suit all Classes.
OUR LINES OF
CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
GROCERIES,
Are filled with all the leading staples in the market.
An Inspection of our Stock will Satisfy those who want
GOOD GOODS AT LOW FIGURES.
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OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,
CORNER ABBY AND RAILROAD STREETS, WINTERS.
D. P. EDWARDS, Proprietor.
HAVING TAKEN POSSESSION OF THIS FAvorite Hotel, I am now prepared to offer to the resident and traveling public
FIRST CLASS BOARD,
Large and Well Furnished Rooms
By the Day or Week.
THE TABLE
Will at all times be supplied with the best the Market Affords.
NO CHINESE COOKS EMPLOYED.

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Has lately returned from San Francisco with a splendid stock of all the latest styles, which she will sell very cheap. She invites every one to call and examine her goods

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FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS
At Reasonable Rates.
AT THE BAR
CAN ALWAYS BE FOUND THE CHOICEST
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WE ARE PREPARED TO DO FIRST-CLASS Milling, at lowest rates.
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Parties at Winters and Vacaville will find it to their interest to do their milling at Madison. All orders addressed to GOLDEN STATE MILLS will receive prompt attention.
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The Pyramids.

They all betray the unbounded admiration in which each king held his own last resting place, and illustrate remarkably the real nature of the Egyptian faith in a life, not beyond, so much as actually in, the grave. Snoferoo called his Pyramid "the Crown;" that of Asseskef is "Refreshment;" that of Pepi, the "Lovely Place," a name identical with that of Memphis itself. Tets, perhaps playing on his own name, called his Pyramid *Tetsetu*, the "Most Abiding of Places." Others are the "Rising of the Soul," the "Most Holy Place," the "Good Rising," the "Beautiful," the "Great and Fair," the "Pure Place," the "Place of Rest;" while the monument already mentioned, of Unas, which the Arabs call the Mastabat el Pharoon, is described as the "Best Place;" and the unidentified tomb of Noferkara as the "Abode of Life." Such are the evidences, among others, that to the men of that remote time—a time variously estimated as seven, six and five thousand years ago—death was not looked upon with the horror which in later ages invested the grave with ideas of gloom, and recorded rather the despair of mourners than the rest of the departed. Near each Pyramid was the temple consecrated to the worship, or at least the honor of the sleeping divinity of the Pharoahs. The foundations are still visible of such temples near the Pyramids of Chafra, Menkaura, and Raenuser. Even in the days of the Ptolemies the endowments which some of the oldest kings had conferred upon the priests of their shrines continued to enrich officials who after the lapse of some four thousand years, perhaps, enjoyed sinecures. In these temples, no doubt, once existed the name, and perhaps a record, of the glorious deeds of the monarch buried near; but, though the nameless tomb remains in so many cases, the temple has everywhere disappeared, and writings to which Manetho probably had access have been lost forever. No inscriptions remain on any Pyramid. Herodotus tells us of the hieroglyphs on the Pyramid of Shoofoo. He curiously observes that they give the sum expended in supplying the workmen with onions and garlic; a statement from which we may hazard the conjecture, more than probable in itself, that the king's titles as lord of Upper and lower Egypt, were engraved with the lotos, the papyrus, and the bulbous plant, which in other places enter so largely into similar inscriptions.

Historically speaking, the Pyramids, apart from their antiquity, are of the highest interest. They represent a time of profound peace. They point to the existence of a dominant race, and of a race which could be called on for unlimited labor. They tell us little of the finer arts, in sculpture and painting, which even then flourished, but much of skill in engineering, quarrying, building as distinguished from architecture, and all that could be done by mere multitudes working together and bringing brute force to bear on stubborn materials. Whatever of higher art those early kings lavished on their "fair resting-places," whatever of portraiture and painting, of gold and jewels, of carving and ornament, of epitaphs and funeral odes they could command, were bestowed on the temple; the tomb itself was vast, solid, enduring, but nothing more. In the aftertime, when the kings of the twelfth dynasty fought against the Northern strangers, when Aahmes led his people against the Shepherds, when Seti I. subdued the Hittites and his grandson pursued Israel, when fortresses and treasure cities, Pi-Tum and Rameses, had to be built on the border, we no longer hear of such great cairns as the Pyramids. The tombs in the Valley of the Kings at Thebes, great as they are, required rather skilled labor than mere force. No vast multitude was needed to decorate them. The peaceful artist and his staff worked quietly in the dark corridors, while the people whose ancestors had heaped up the tombs of the older Pharaohs now followed the later Pharaohs to the battle-field. A smaller waste of human life than that by which Bonaparte ruined France, would have built him a Pyramid greater than Shoofoo's. But the Pyramid-builders had neither enemies abroad nor rivals at home. A comparison of the different Pyramid-fields, and a little research into documentary evidence about them, bring out one fact very clearly in opposition to many theorists. The dynasties under which they were erected were successive, not contemporaneous. It was not as their rivals, but as their successors, that the kings of the fourth dynasty made their tombs beside those of the third, and the kings of the sixth dynasty beside those of the fifth. The last Mentuhotep of the eleventh dynasty was probably descended from Snoferoo, or possibly from Ouenephes, with as much directness as Queen Victoria from the early Angevin Kings or the early Athlings of Wessex.

Saved His Life.

There is a tale told of a sea captain who, in a distant corner of the Southern seas, visited an undiscovered or unexplored group of beautiful islands. After landing and trading with the gentle natives, he was astonished by the visit of a white man, evidently a person of means and consequence, who, after making himself very agreeable, implored the captain to give him a story book, if he had such a thing in his possession. The captain had, and, deeply touched by the pigs and cocoanuts which the white exile had given him, bestowed on him a copy of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Overcome by the present, the exile burst into tears, and cried, "You have saved my life and given me rank and wealth." On explanation he said, "I should long ago have been eaten, but while they were fattening me I learned enough of their language to tell a child the story of 'Little Red Riding Hood.' The child repeated it, and the whole population were mad with joy. *They had never heard a story before.* From that day I became a great and honored man. When they had a grand National festival I sat on top of a hill, and thousands wept (while some elderly relative was being cooked for a feast) at the cruel death of the grandmother as caused by the wicked wolf. I had with me a volume of 'Fairy Tales,' and I soon began to set a price on my performances. 'Red Riding Hood' is rather worn; I only get a 100 cocoanuts for her now, but 'Cinderella' is still good for four pigs and a turtle, and 'Beauty and the Beast' brings six or seven, according to the quality. But with the 'Arabian Nights' I shall be able to go on accumulating pork to the end of my days."

Babe in the Woods.

Some weeks ago a little girl of five summers strayed off one day about noon from her father's residence on Cedar creek, Scott county, causing the deepest distress and wildest consternation to her parents and neighbors. The child was a peculiar one, having a strange disposition for a girl, often evincing a passionate fondness for the woods and wanting to follow her father's dogs into the mountains near by to hunt. She seemed from babyhood almost to love the wild, strange scenes, the stern old mountains and darksome forests with which her home was girt about. She loved to listen to and imitate the drear, weird howl of the wolf, ringing at nightfall down the dismal slope of the mountains and through the sombre aisles of the forests. She was a curious child, so the neighbors said, a queer little girl, and uncommonly strange, but she was gone, and no one knew where. Her little pattering footfalls about the door were missed. The rooms were haunted, the barn and outhouses searched, the garden, the fields and patches agonizingly explored, but all in vain. The strange little girl had gone. Then the neighbors assembled together, and they hunted all the evening, and throughout the long spring night their torches flashed through the darkness of many a lonesome glen. The startled buck, dazed with surprise, sprang from his leafy bed into the darkness; the mountain owl ceased his hooting, while the hunter's halloo echoed from peak to peak and down to the deep gorges and through the shadowy vales. The prowling wildcat crouched low as the party passed the rocky fastnesses of his home, and the skulking fox sought denser thickets.

The night passed on, guns were fired and horns were winded; but the mad March blasts wafted back no answering cry, and when the sun rose up slowly from behind the mountain crest and shot his roseate beams athwart the morning landscape, the child was not yet found. The excitement spread like wildfire; the people thronged in from other neighborhoods; the search was renewed with double vigor. Women boldly took the pathless woods with brave hearts and streaming eyes, and all that day and night following the mountains, the valleys, the glens and the thickets were scoured; but when the sun rose again it dawned upon a scene of sadness, for the little girl was still lost. The suspense was dreadful, for the nights were cold and bleak, and the country wild, very wild, and infested with wolves, panthers and bears.

The little girl was motherless, but had a father, and the agony of his heart as day and night he trampled the forests through in fruitless search for his little pet may not be told. But the hunt was kept up next day. The worn-out, tired settlers never ceased their labors, though disheartened, and the weary searchers sought no rest. Troops of hardy horsemen, abreast in skirmish line, scoured the level lowlands, while the cliffs and caverns high up the mountain's side were scaled and ransacked by footmen bold and tireless; but the day grew on apace, the evening shades began to thicken, and here and there to blot and blur with dreamy darkness on the lovely landscape of the lonely valleys. The birds had hushed their singing, the wolf had waked and stirred from his secret couch, the deer had ceased to browse and sought his nightly lair. It was twilight, and the tall pines had cast their shadows long, like pencil-marks adown the mountain's eastern slope, where, on a moss-grown rock, a little group of hunters, three or four, who had met there by chance, sat and listened to the low murmuring of a tiny little mountain stream that slyly slipped and wound its way among the bowlders big and ancient tree roots. Long they sat in sombre stillness resting, for they had hunted all the day and were tired. The night stole on; "whip-poor-will" whispered his first lowly greeting to the iron-gray darkness. The feathery pine tops began to sigh to the moaning March wind as it swept up the gorge. The hunters listened, and as they listened there came upon the wind a sound, a soft sob, a weakly, weary wail from a voice so faint and far that it could scarcely be heard above the ripple of the brooklet. As if startled by an electric shock, each man sprang upright on his feet, and still as marble statues, stood listening. Again the sound was heard, and waiting now no longer, in eager haste they started down the slope with long elastic strides. They had gone perhaps two hundred yards, and were passing through a thicket of almost inky darkness, when suddenly the leader stopped, for prone upon the ground he saw a little form; a human shape stretched upon the chill, bleak earth, shivering with cold and softly weeping all alone. It was the little lost girl still alive and unhurt, but oh, so weak and white and wan, so pinched and pale. She was clad in a single garment and lying exhausted near the brink of the little mountain brook; her fair, soft ringlets were damp with the evening dews; her startled eyes stared wild and vacant. The dimples from her cheeks were gone, and her tiny, tapering ankles and shapely feet were bare, and bore the marks of many a cruel bruise and thistle cut that had cleft her tender flesh. For two days and a half and two nights she had wandered through the mountains lost and without food, and here at last, and all alone, the little thing had laid her weary head down to die. It was a touching scene, and the salty tears shone bright upon the rugged cheeks of the rough-handed settlers as they reverently took up the little lost, quaint girl and tenderly caressed her back to life. The horns rang out the joyful news, and the guns belched out the tidings glad; answering shouts responded from the spurs and benches of the mountains, from the glens and valleys, and ere an hour had passed that grim old mountain witnessed at its foot a scene of joy and jubilee which no pen may well describe. The story is told and is no fiction. We tell it as it was told us last week by a very truthful gentlemen, Mr. Wesley Roberts, of Scott county, who participated in the exciting hunt. The little maid is a daughter of Esquire G. W. Tinsley, and her name is Carrie. She said that she saw the hunters every day and hid from them, and that the wolves came near biting her two or three times.—*Dardanelle (Ark.) Immigrant.*

They who do not rightly know themselves may feel and feast upon false approbation; not I, who see myself, and know very well what is my due. I am content to be less commended, provided I am better known.

Superficial knowledge of all kinds is the perdition of women.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKET.

FLOUR—The export movement for the week embraces large shipments to Europe and a full cargo to China, with smaller lots to several other countries. The inquiry for shipment at the moment is rather quiet. The local demand is fair. The condition of the wheat market is felt in this, weakening the tone in spite of the improved demand. From January 1st to April 30th the exports aggregated nearly 200,000 barrels valued at nearly $1,000,000.

We quote, Superfine common, $3 75@$4 00; Superfine, $4 12½@$4 25; extra superfine, $4 37½@$4 50; choice and extra choice, $5 00 @$5 25; Oregon, good to choice, $4 75 @ $5 00.

WHEAT—During the month of April, 23 cargoes cleared from this port with 796,000 centals of wheat. The movement since July 1st is now above 9,000,000 centals invoiced at $15,790,000, rising close up to the figures of two years ago. There are now only 13 vessels loading, and these are nearly full or provided for. In the present state of the European markets for cargoes now loading there is no encouragement to take up new ships. There are less than 20 here seeking, and not many to arrive for some weeks to come. As the future foreshadows itself to-day, it is probable that there will be carried, of this year's crop beyond the term of July 1st, some million and a half centals or more of this season's crop. Cargoes leaving here now would reach Liverpool or Havre, as the English or French wheat of the new crop is first coming into the market, and would hardly meet much inquiry from buyers at any paying price. Meantime these importing nations are getting all they want for immediate needs from Russia and American Atlantic ports. Crop prospects in all parts of this continent are very flattering. In Europe the Spring is backward, but it is too early now too forecast the crop in that continent. Winter is hardly past in many parts of Russia, and in England and adjacent countries there is plenty of time for sowing still. August and September are their harvest months. On the success of crops in Europe the future hinges.

We quote superfine, $1 40@$1 50; fair to choice milling, $1 50 @ $1 62½; shipping, $1 50@$1 60.

BARLEY—Holders have given up the ghost at last. The sight of the new crop has relaxed the grasp held on stocks all the year. What should have been done before storage, insurance and interest was paid is doing now. Holders are anxious sellers and under a slack demand, prices have weakened, and gone down to a very low point. Feed is sold below 60c., and fair to good Brewing is pressed on buyers at 82½ to 85c. This has led to business, and the market is quite active at the decline.

We quote feed, 60c @ 62½c (all gold); Brewing, 82½ @ 87½c.

CORN—Sellers are anxious, buyers indifferent and prices lower. The new crop promises to be large.

We quote yellow, 82½c @ 90c; white, 90c@95c.

OATS—The movement is small. Stocks of choice are reduced, and there is a little more demand, but cheap feed of other kinds keeps this market weak.

We quote milling at $1 40@1 45; good to choice feed, $1 20@$1 30; common to good feed, $1 00@$1 20.

RYE—The movement is larger, the demand is small and prices lower. We now quote at 85@95c.

BUCKWHEAT—There is hardly any demand, and prices are nominal. For all grades we quote $1 20@$1 30.

MILLSTUFFS—The market is quiet at previous prices.

Bran, per ton	12 00@13 00
Middlings, per ton	17 00@18 00
Corn, ground, per ton, gold	21 00@22 00
Barley, ground, per ton, gold	17 00@18 00

HOPS—The market remains dead and nominal.

We quote California 5@8c; Oregon and Washington Territory 2@6c.

WOOL—Receipts are larger and there is more coming for the month. This gives us lines from which to make selections, and causes more activity in the market. During the week sales aggregated close to 1,000,000 pounds. There is a stirring demand for choice wools, and these are taken as fast as they come. Holders are free sellers, but there is a great deal of competition among buyers who represent Eastern houses. Considerable is shipped via Cape Horn, showing that the purchases are made on account of speculative dealers. We quote below a higher range of prices than previously, and higher than the parity of eastern markets. It is thought that this spurt will soon pass, and the market relapse into a very despondent mood.

San Joaquin—Choice to extra choice, 15½c. San Joaquin, fair to good.....12½@ 14
San Joaquin, poor to fair.....11 @ 12
Southern, fair to good.....11 @12½
Southern, poor to fair.....9 @10½

BUTTER—Receipts during the week under review have been exceedingly large. Of choicest prints the market has been in general more than well supplied. The demand has not been active and prices have hardly been maintained. For the most part, merchants are afraid to trust to past experience as a guide for the future. We quote last week's prices with great hesitation, reporting a heavily-stocked, dull and weak market, with a tendency to lower values.

CHEESE—Receipts are free and stocks accumulating. The market is dull and weak. Only the very best, and that in a small way will bring 10c.

EGGS—This market has ruled remarkably steady for the week, supply and demand about balancing. Receipts of California are small, and of these few are strictly choice. All such as are choice find ready sale at full figures, and a very few extra choice sell for a trifle above quotations. There are so few of them they are not quotable. A few Oregons have come in and sold at previous prices; high cost there checks export. Utah arrivals also have been rather light, and the market has ruled firmer. Our supply has come mostly from the West; shipments from Omaha have been but moderate, owing to the back ward state of the weather, and consequent small supply and higher prices than usual at Chicago and New York. At the close arrivals are light and prices very strong.

We quote: California choice fresh roll butter, 18@19c; common to good roll, 12@17c; Cheese, California, 8@10c; Western Cheese, 10@12c ₱ lb; California Eggs, 19@21c.

HAY AND STRAW.—Arrivals continue free, larger than the demand and the market remains dull and weak.

We quote: Wheat, good to prime, ₱ ton $10 00@$13 00; wheat, fair to medium, $8 00@$9 00; oats, wild, ₱ ton, $6 50@ $10 50; barley, choice, $8 50@$10 00; barley, ₱ ton, $6 00@$7 50; stock, $6 00@ $7 00; straw, ₱ bale, 60@70c.

PROVISIONS—There is no apparent improvement.

We quote: California plain Hams, 9@10; Eastern Canvassed C. S. C. Hams, 10@ 12½c, as to brand; California Lard, 8@8½c; Eastern do, 8@12½c; California Bacon, 7@ 9c; Eastern Bacon, 8@10c; California Smoked Beef, $9 00@$11 00 ₱ bbl; Beef, $8 50@$10 50 ₱ bbl; hf bbl, $4 50@$6 00; Pork ₱ bbl, $13 00@$20 00.

SALMON AND SMOKED FISH.—The catch on the Columbia promises well. There is nothing doing in the market.

We quote, $1 00@$1 12½ ₱ 1-lb tins; bbl, $7@$8; hf bbl, 3@4 00; all as to quality, where caught and grade of fish. Cod, Pacific, bdls 5@6c ₱ lb; Cod, in cases, 6½@7c; Cod boneless, Mastery, 9@10c ₱ lb; Georges Cod, 9c ₱ lb; Mackerel, hf bbls, No. 1, $10 00 @$11 00; do, hf bbls, No. 2, $8 00@$10 00; do, kits, No. 1, $2 25@$2 50; do, kits, No. 2 $2 00@$2 25.

POTATOES—The market is overstocked, dull and low.

We quote: Choice, 75c @ 85; Good, 60 @ 65; Fair, 50@ 55c; Poor, 30@40c; Onions, $4 00@6 00: Sweet, $2 50@$3 00.

LIVE STOCK AND MEATS—Mutton and pork are weak. Beef is firm.

We quote: Beef, first quality, dressed net, ₱ lb 6½c; beef, second quality, dressed net, ₱ lb 4½@5c; beef, third quality, ₱ lb 4@4½c; mutton, choice, dressed, ₱ lb 3½@5; hogs, first quality, gross, ₱ lb 3½@4c; hogs, second quality, gross, ₱ lb, 3½@3½c, hogs, dressed, ₱ lb, 5½ @ 6c; hogs, dressed, 2d quality, 5c; veal, small, ₱ lb, 7@8c; veal, large, ₱ lb, 6@7c; lamb, spring, ₱ lb, 10@12c.

BEANS, DRIED PEAS—Limas are nominal—other kinds weak.

Limas, ₱ 100 lbs, $5 00@$5 25; Red, ₱ 100 lbs, $1 50@$1 75; Pink, ₱ 100 lbs, $1 30@ $1 40; Bayos, ₱ 100 lbs, $1 50 @ $1 75; Small, white, ₱ 100 lbs, $2 90@3 00; Dried Peas, $2 00@3 00; Dried Peas, Blackeye, $1 00@$1 50; Dried Peas, small white, $1 00 @$1 50; Dried Peas, field pea, $1 00@$1 50.

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